AN ODE

UPON THE

HAPPY RETURN

OF

King Charles II.

TO His

LANGVISHING NATIONS.

May 29. 1660.

By JAMES SHIRLEY, Gent.

Composed into Musick by Dr. Coleman.

Et capitur minimo Thuris Honore Deus.

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By James Shirley

To the King.

I.

AND is there one Fanatique left, in whose
Degenerate Soul a thought can ſtray,
And by the witchcraft of a cloud, oppoſe
This Bright, ſo long expected, Day?
Whence are theſe wild effects of Light,
Emergent from our tedious night?
Oh! can it be, thoſe life-creating beams,
That warm the Earth, and gild our ſtreams,
Purging th'infected air, our eyes, and mind,
Making even Moles themſelves to ſee, ſhould ſtrike theſe (poor men blind?

II.

It will convert an Atheiſt to a faith
Of the Creation, no leſs ſtrange,
Will he believe our *Chaos*, when he hath
Read the Miracles of our change:
In ſuch a rout was all our Frame
Of things, until the *Fiat* came;
Stoop, and lay down thy reaſon trifling man,
From ſuch account the world began,
After a dark Abyſſe to ſhew his face, (place.
VVhen natures, ſtifl'd in the deep, came gliding to their

III.

ut wonder ceaſe, the Altars call to burn
With thanks and vows; what ſacrifice
an be enough, great Prince, for your return,
VVho are the Joy of Hearts and Eyes?
Our dutie's paid to him, that is
The Spring of Your, and all our bliſs:
Let us to Loyal *Monk* ſome trophies bring,
To whom, next God, we owe the King,
Our peace, & Princes; and may you think fit, (lands ſit.
VVhileſt on Your Head three Crowns, on his as many gar-

IV.

Now welcome, Royal Sir, our bells impart,
And piles of wood, but heat and noyſe:
Then take it from the language of a heart,
Whoſe crowd of wiſhes break into a voice;
And thus do upward fly. May all
That pious men can think, or call
A bleſsing, wait and watch about your throne;
Live long our glorious King, and be your own!
And when time, faint with years, points to the Biere, (there
Find it no loſs, to be in Heaven, and *Charles* the ſecond

James Sherley.

TO THE PEOPLE.

WElcome thou happy day, in which was born
The pledge of all our Joy, the Prince,
Welcome again the ſame white happy morn,
Although ſad thirty winters ſince!
And now I ſing
That Prince our King.
The cure of all our wounds is He.
Guns, every Bell,
And Bone-fires tell
His ſafe return, our Iſland round
Nothing but *Charles*, King *Charles* reſound.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

he Major, and Train of Scarlet-Brethren ride
To meet the King, next them we told
ve hundred more, all in their plush and pride,
And Chains, you may believe were gold.
Conduits made fine
Pist Claret wine.
The Troops aud Trumpets were hard by,
Buff and gold lace
As thick as grass
Triumphant march, to and agen,
Some gallant horse, some gallant men,
A joyful sight to see.

he Dutch at this strange turning of the stream
VVill be our Trouts another while,
ur King & Common-wealth's all one to them,
So they may keep their Fishing still,
Purchase and prey
And Spawn at Sea:
But oh, the French that were so free!
Pardonne moy,
Excuse their joy.
The Exil'd CHARLES this day is come,
VVho may send all the Pedlars home.
A joyful sight to see.

The Iriſh, that in Uſquebaugh did pledge
His Birth, their jolly tunes give ore.
A Lord not now is maſter of a Hedge,
Scarce bonny clabbor within door.
But you, that were
No Rebel there
May re-aſſume your merry glee,
And change your tone
Of Hone, oh Hone
VVhen you ſhall hear a voice proclaim
Back to the Province whence you came
A joyful ſight to ſee.

The Scots like honeſt Men, *Hoſanna* crie,
They knew his Father mickle well,
And ſay, *God ſave the King*; Amen ſay I,
From ſuch as have the trick to ſell,
There are ſome few
That are true blew.
The VVelſh with joy tranſported be,
Plutter and Nails
Pleſs Prince of *Wales*
VVho now is King, and pright as ſtar
Upon the top of *Penmenmaure*,
A joyful ſight to ſee.

...h, the Landlord of the Rich *Peru*
... saylings with his golden Fleet,
... in a sea, of pure Canary too,
To land his Oar at *Charles* his feet.
Rouse from your shade
Dull men of Trade!
The storms are laid, the seas are free,
A peace with Spain
Brings all again
You shall like *Grandes* march in state
And swim in *Rios de la Plate*,
A joyful sight to see.

That Hand that brought our best of Kings and Men,
Now fix him in his Royal Throne,
That Knaves may never preach him out agen,
Nor us into Rebellion,
'Tis our turn now
To Vote and Vow,
And Justice cry our streets throughout.
So, *Charles*, God bless,
Queen, Dukes no less,
And *Monk*, who has thrown off his Hood,
And by his Prudence, without blood,
Brought all these things about.

FINIS.